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THE CHILDREN'S BOOK OF RECITATIONS

THE CHILDREN'S BOOK

OF

RECITATIONS

APPROVED BY

MRS. MARY MAPES DODGE

NEW YORK

THE DE WITT PUBLISHING HOUSE

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PART I.

FOR VERY YOUNG CHILDREN.

THE CHILDREN'S BOOK OF RECITATIONS.

THE INTRODUCTION.

WILLIAM BLAKE.

PIPING down the valleys wild,
Piping songs of pleasant glee,
On a cloud I saw a child,
And he, laughing, said to me:

"Pipe a song about a lamb,"
So I piped with merry cheer.
"Piper, pipe that song again,"
So I piped; he wept to hear.

"Drop thy pipe, thy happy pipe,
Sing thy songs of happy cheer!"
So I sang the same again,
While he wept with joy to hear.

"Piper, sit thee down and write
In a book that all may read."
So he vanished from my sight;
And I plucked a hollow reed,

And I made a rural pen,
And I stained the waters clear,
And I wrote my happy songs
Every child may joy to hear.

THE DIRTY OLD MAN.

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.

IN a dirty old house lived a dirty old man:
Soap, towel, or brushes were not in his plan;
For forty long years, as the neighbors declared,
His house never once had been cleaned or repaired.

'Twas a scandal and shame to the business-like street,
One terrible blot in a ledger so neat;
The shop full of hardware, but black as a hearse,
And the rest of the mansion a thousand times worse.

Within there were carpets and cushions of dust,
The wood was half rot, and the metal half rust;
Old curtains, half cobwebs, hung grimly aloof:
'Twas a spider's Elysium from cellar to roof.

There, King of the Spiders, the dirty old man
Lives busy and dirty as ever he can,
With dirt on his fingers and dirt on his face;
For the dirty old man thinks the dirt no disgrace.

A BOY OF SEVEN.

DAVID EVERETT.

YOU'D scarce expect one of my age
To speak in public on the stage;
And if I chance to fall below
Demosthenes or Cicero,
Don't view me with a critic's eye,
But pass my imperfections by;
Large streams from little fountains flow;
Tall oaks from little acorns grow;
And though I now am small and young,
Of judgment weak, and feeble tongue,
Yet all great learned men, like me,
Once learned to read their ABC.
But why may not Columbia's soil
Rear men as great as Britain's isle—
Exceed what Greece and Rome have done,
Or any land beneath the sun?
Mayn't Massachusetts boast as great
As any other sister State?
Or where's the town, go far and near,
That does not find a rival here?
Or where's the boy but three feet high
Who's made improvement more than I?
These thoughts inspire my youthful mind
To be the greatest of mankind;
Great, not like Cæsar, stained with blood,
But only great as I am good.

LE PETIT CHASSEUR.

IL était un petit homme,
À cheval sur un bâton;
Il s'en allait à la chasse,
À la chasse aux hannetons.
Et ti ton tain, Et ti ton tain,
Et ti ton ton.

Il s'en allait à la chasse,
À la chasse aux hannetons;
Quand il fût sur la montagne,
Il partit un coup de canon,
Et ti ton tain, Et ti ton tain,
Et ti ton ton.

Quand il fût sur la montagne,
Il partit un coup de canon;
Il en eut si peur de même,
Qu'il tomba sur ses talons.
Et ti ton tain, Et ti ton tain,
Et ti ton ton.

Il eut si peur de même,
Qu'il tomba sur ses talons,
Toutes les dames du village
Lui portèrent des bonbons:
Et ti ton tain, Et ti ton tain,
Et ti ton ton.

Toutes les dames du village
Lui portèrent des bonbons:
Je vous remercie, mesdames,
De vous et de vos bonbons.
Et ti ton tain, Et ti ton tain,
Et ti ton ton.

LE PONT D'AVIGNON.

SUR le pont d'Avignon
Tout le monde y danse—danse;
Sur le pont d'Avignon,
Tout le monde y danse en rond:
Les beaux messieurs font comme-ça,
Et puis encore, comme-ça:
Sur le pont d'Avignon
Tout le monde y danse en rond.
Les belles dames font comme-ça:
Et puis encore, comme-ça:
Sur le pont d'Avignon
Tout le monde y danse, danse,
Tout le monde y danse en rond.
Et les bébés font comme-ça:
Et puis encore, comme-ça:
Sur le pont d'Avignon
Tout le monde y danse, danse,
Sur le pont d'Avignon
Tout le monde y danse en rond.

ROBIN.

THE north wind doth blow and we shall have snow,
And what will poor Robin do then, poor thing?
He'll sit on the barn to keep himself warm
And hide his head under his wing, poor thing!

THE LAMB.

WILLIAM BLAKE.

LITTLE lamb, who made thee?
Dost thou know who made thee,
Gave thee life and bade thee feed
By the stream and o'er the mead:
Gave thee clothing of delight,
Softest clothing, woolly, bright:
Gave thee such a tender voice,
Making all the vales rejoice?
Little lamb, who made thee?
Dost thou know who made thee?

Little lamb, I'll tell thee:
Little lamb, I'll tell thee:
He is callèd by thy name,
For He calls himself a Lamb.
He is meek, and He is mild.
He became a little child.

I, a child, and thou, a lamb:
We are callèd by His name.
Little lamb, God bless thee:
Little lamb, God bless thee.

THE LADY-BUG.

MRS. SIGOURNEY.

THE lady-bug sat in the rose's heart,
And smiled with pride and scorn,
As she saw a plain-dressed ant go by
With a heavy grain of corn.

So she drew her curtains of damask around,
And adjusted her silken vest;
Making her glass of a drop of dew
That lay in the rose's breast:

Then laughed so loud, that the ant looked up,
And seeing her haughty face,
Took no more notice, but traveled along
At the same industrious pace.

But a sudden wind of autumn came,
And rudely swept the ground;
And down the rose with the lady-bug bent,
And scattered its leaves around.

Then the houseless lady was much amazed,
For she knew not where to go;
Since cold November's surly blast
Had brought both rain and snow.

Her wings were wet, and her feet were cold,
And she thought of the ant's warm cell;
And what she did in the wintry storm,
I'm sure I cannot tell.

But the careful ant was in her nest,
With the little ones by her side;
She taught them all like herself to toil,
Nor mind the sneer of pride.

And I thought, as I sat at the close of day,
Eating my bread and milk,
It was wiser to work, and improve the time,
Then be idle, and dressed in silk.

THE LITTLE WOMAN.

THERE was a little woman, as I have heard tell,
She went to market her eggs for to sell;
She went to market upon a market day,
And she fell asleep on the King's highway.

By came a peddler, his name was Stout,
And he cut her petticoats all round about;
He cut her petticoats up to her knees,
And then the little woman began to freeze.

When the little woman began to awake
She began to shiver, and she began to shake;
She began to shake, and she began to cry:
"Lawk a mercy on me, this be none of I!

"But if this be I, as I think it be,
I have a little dog at home, and he will know me.
If it be I, he will wag his tail,
If it be not I, he will bark and rail."

When the little woman went home in the dark,
Her little dog began for to bark;
He began to bark, and she began to cry:
"Lawk a mercy on me, this be none of I!"

THE OLD MAN IN LEATHER.

ONE misty-moisty morning,
When cloudy was the weather,
I chanced to meet an old man
Clothed all in leather.
He began to compliment, and he began to grin;
How do you do, and how do you do, and how do
you do again.

THE SWEET STORY OF OLD.

J. LUKE.

I THINK when I hear that sweet story of old,
How Jesus was here among men,
How He called little children like lambs to His fold,
I should like to have been with Him then.

I wish that His hands had been laid on *my* head,
That His arms had been folded round me;
That *I* could have heard His kind voice when He said,
"Let the little ones come unto Me."

ROBIN RED-BREAST.

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.

GOOD-BY, good-by to summer!
For summer's nearly done;
The garden smiling faintly,
Cool breezes in the sun.
Our thrushes now are silent,
Our swallows flown away;
But Robin's here, in coat of brown,
And scarlet breastknot gay.

Robin, Robin Red-breast,
O Robin dear!
Robin sings so sweetly
In the falling of the year.

Bright yellow, red, and orange,
The leaves come down in hosts;
The trees are Indian princes,
But soon they'll turn to ghosts.
The leathery pears and apples
Hang russet on the bough;
It's autumn, autumn, autumn, late—
'Twill soon be winter now.
Robin, Robin Red-breast,
O Robin dear!
And what will this poor Robin do?
For pinching days are near.

The fireside for the cricket,
The wheatstack for the mouse,
When trembling night-winds whistle
And moan all round the house;
The frosty ways like iron,
The branches plumed with snow,—
Alas! in winter, dead and dark,
Where can poor Robin go?
Robin, Robin Red-breast,
O Robin dear!
And a crumb of bread for Robin,
His little heart to cheer.

THE JUMBLIES.

EDWARD LEAR.

THEY went to sea in a sieve, they did;
In a sieve they went to sea;
In spite of all their friends could say,
On a winter's morn, on a stormy day,
In a sieve they went to sea.
And when the sieve turned round and round,
And everyone cried: "You'll all be drowned!"
They called aloud: "Our sieve isn't big,
But we don't care a button—we don't care a fig;
In a sieve we'll go to sea!"
Far and few, far and few,
Are the lands where the Jumblies live;
Their heads are green, and their hands are blue;
And they went to sea in a sieve.
They sailed away in a sieve, they did,
In a sieve they sailed so fast,
With only a beautiful pea-green veil,
Tied with a ribbon, by way of a sail,
To a small tobacco-pipe mast.
And everyone said who saw them go,
"Oh! won't they be soon upset, you know;
For the sky is dark and the voyage is long;
And, happen what may, it's extremely wrong,
In a sieve to sail so fast."
The water it soon came in, it did,
The water it soon came in:

So, to keep them dry, they wrapped their feet,
In a pinky paper all folded neat,
And they fastened it round with a pin:
And they passed the night in a crockery jar,
And each of them said: "How wise we are!
Though the sky be dark, and the voyage be long,
Yet we never can think we were rash or wrong,
While round in a sieve we spin."
And all night long they sailed away;
And, when the sun went down,
They whistled and warbled a moony song
To the echoing sound of a coppery gong,
In the shade of the mountain brown.
"Oh, Timballoo! How happy we are
When we live in a sieve and a crockery jar!
All night long in the moonlight pale
We sail away with a pea-green sail,
In the shade of the mountain brown."
They sailed to the western sea, they did—
To a land all covered with trees;
And they bought an owl and a useful cart,
And a pound of ice and a cranberry tart,
And a hive of silvery bees:
And they bought a pig and some green jackdaws,
And a lovely monkey with lollipop paws,
And forty bottles of ring-bo-ree,
And no end of Stilton cheese.
And in twenty years they all came back—
In twenty years or more;
And everyone said: "How tall they've grown!

For they've been to the lakes and the Torrible
Zone,
And the hills of the Chankly Bore."
And they drank their health and gave them a
feast,
Of dumplings made of beautiful yeast;
And everyone said: "If we only live,
We, too, will go to sea in a sieve,
To the hills of the Chankly Bore."

MARY'S LAMB—ORIGINAL VERSION.

MARY had a little lamb,
Its fleece was white as snow,
And everywhere that Mary went
The lamb was sure to go;
He followed her to school one day,
That was against the rule;
It made the children laugh and play
To see a lamb at school.

And so the teacher turned him out,
But still he lingered near.
And waited patiently about
Till Mary did appear;
And then he ran to her and laid
His head upon her arm,
As if he said, "I'm not afraid;
You'll keep me from all harm."

"What makes the lamb love Mary so?"
The eager children cry;
"Oh, Mary loves the lamb you know,"
The teacher did reply;
"And you each gentle animal
In confidence may bind,
And make them follow at your call,
If you are always kind."

I ONCE HAD A SWEET LITTLE DOLL.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

I ONCE had a sweet little doll, dears,
The prettiest doll in the world;
Her cheeks were so red and so white, dears,
And her hair was so charmingly curled.
But I lost my poor little doll, dears,
As I played in the heath one day;
And I cried for her more than a week, dears,
But I never could find where she lay.

I found my poor little doll, dears,
As I played in the heath one day;
Folks say she is terribly changed, dears,
For her paint is all washed away,
And her arm trodden off by the cows, dears,
And her hair not the least bit curled;
Yet for old sake's sake she is still, dears,
The prettiest doll in the world.

PART II.

FOR OLDER CHILDREN.

THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER.

F. S. KEY.

OH SAY, can you see, by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming;
Whose broad stripes and bright stars through the perilous fight
O'er the ramparts we watched were so gallantly streaming—
And the rockets' red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there;
Oh, say, does that star-spangled banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?

From the shore dimly seen through the mists of the deep,
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,
What is that which the breeze o'er the towering steep,
As it fitfully blows, half conceals, half discloses?

Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first
beam,
In full glory reflected now shines in the stream;
'Tis the star-spangled banner—Oh long may it
wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the
brave!

And where is that band who so vauntingly swore
That the havoc of war and the battle's con-
fusion
A home and a country should leave us no more?
Their blood has washed out their foul foot-
steps' pollution.
No refuge could save the hireling and slave
From the terror of flight or the gloom of the
grave;
And the star-spangled banner in triumph doth
wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the
brave.

And thus be it ever, when freemen shall stand
Between their loved homes and the war's
desolation;
Blest with vict'ry and peace may this Heaven-
rescued land
Praise the power that hath made and preserved
us a nation.

Then conquer we must, for our cause it is just;
And this be our motto: "In God is our trust";
And the star-spangled banner, Oh long may it
wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the
brave!

STONE WALLS.

SIR RICHARD LOVELACE.

STONE walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage;
Minds innocent and quiet take
That for a hermitage:
If I have freedom in my love,
And in my soul am free,
Angels alone that soar above
Enjoy such liberty.

THE MAN WHO DIDN'T KNOW WHEN TO STOP.

MARY MAPES DODGE.

(Copyrighted by Century Co., 1878.)

A VERY fair singer was Mynherr Schwop,
Except that he never knew when to stop;
He would sing, and sing, and sing away,
And sing half the night, and all of the day—

This "pretty bit" and that "sweet air,"
This "little thing from Tootovere."
Ah! it is fearful the number he knew,
And fearful his way of singing them through.
At first, the people would kindly say:
"Ah, sing it again, Mynherr, we pray"—
(This "pretty bit" or that "sweet air,"
This "little thing from Tootovere").
They listened a while, but wearied soon,
And, like the professor, they changed their tune.
Vainly they coughed and a-hemmed and stirred,
Only the harder he trilled and slurred.
At last, in despair, and rather than grieve
The willing professor, they took their leave,
And left him singing this "sweet air,"
And that "pretty bit from Tootovere";
Until the host turned down the light,
With "Thanks, Mynherr! good-night! good-night!"

My moral, dear singers, lies plainly a-top:
Be always obliging, and willing—to stop.
The same will apply, my dear children, to you;
Whenever you've any performing to do,
Your friends to divert (which is quite proper, too),
Do the best that you can—and stop when you're through.

PIBROCH OF DONUIL DHU.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

PIBROCH of Donuil Dhu, Pibroch of Donuil,
Wake thy wild voice anew, summon Clan Conuil:
Come away, come away! Hark to the summons!
Come in your war array, gentles and commons.

Come as the winds come
When forests are rended:
Come as the waves come, when
Navies are stranded.
Faster come, faster come,
Faster and faster,
Chief, vassal, page, and groom,
Tenant and master.

Fast they come, fast they come.
See how they gather!
Wide waves the eagle plume,
Blended with heather;
Cast your plaids, draw your blades!
Forward each man set!
Pibroch of Donuil Dhu,
Knell for the onset!

THE POPPY-LAND EXPRESS.

EDGAR WADE ABBOT.

THE first train starts at six P. M.,
For the land where the poppy grows;
The mother dear is the engineer,
And the passenger laughs and crows.

The palace car is the mother's arms,
The whistle a low, sweet strain;
The passenger winks and nods and blinks
And goes to sleep in the train.

At eight P. M. the next train starts
For the Poppy-land afar;
The summons clear falls on the ear,
"All aboard for the sleeping car!"

"But what is the fare to Poppy-land?
I hope it is not dear."
The fare is this—a hug and a kiss,
And 'tis paid to the engineer.

So I asked of Him who children took
On his knee in kindness great,
"Take charge, I pray, of the trains each day
That leave between six and eight."

"Keep watch o'er the passengers," thus I pray,
"For to me they are very dear;
And special ward, O gracious Lord!
O'er the gentle engineer."

THE LAND OF COUNTERPANE.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

(Permission of Charles Scribner's Sons.)

WHEN I was sick and lay abed,
I had two pillows at my head,
And all my toys beside me lay
To keep me happy all the day.

And sometimes for an hour or so
I watched my leaden soldiers go,
With different uniforms and drills,
Among the bed-clothes, through the hills;

And sometimes sent my ships in fleets
All up and down among the sheets;
Or brought my trees and houses out,
And planted cities all about.

I was the giant great and still
That sits upon the pillow hill,
And sees before him dale and plain,
The pleasant land of counterpane.

ARIEL'S SONG.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

WHERE the bee sucks, there suck I,
In a cowslip's bell I lie.
There I couch when owls do cry.
On the bat's back I do fly
After summer, merrily.
Merrily, merrily shall I live now
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

THE CHILD MUSICIAN.

AUSTIN DOBSON.

HE had played for His Lordship's levee,
He had played for Her Ladyship's whim,
Till the poor little head was weary,
And the poor little brain would swim.

And the little face grew peaked and eerie,
And the large eyes strange and bright,
And they said,—too late,—"He is weary,
He shall rest for at least to-night!"

But at dawn when the birds were waking,
As they watched in the silent room,
With the sound of a strained cord breaking,
A something snapped in the gloom.

'Twas a string of his violoncello,
And they heard him stir in his bed;
"Make room for a tired little fellow,
Kind God!" was the last he said.

AMERICA.

S. F. SMITH.

MY country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing.
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrim's pride,
From every mountain side,
Let freedom ring.

My native country, thee—
Land of the noble free—
Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills,
Like that above.

Let music swell the breeze
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song;

Let mortal tongues awake;
Let all that breathe partake;
Let rocks their silence break;
The sound prolong.

Our Father's God, to thee,
Author of liberty,
To thee we sing!
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by thy might,
Great God, our King.

THE BUGLE.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

THE splendor falls on castle walls
And snowy summits old in story:
The long light shakes across the lakes
And the wild cataract leaps in glory.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O hark, O hear! how thin and clear,
And thinner, clearer, farther going!
O sweet and far from cliff and scar
The horns of Elfland faintly blowing!

Blow, let us hear the purple glens replying:
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

Oh, love, they die in yon rich sky,
They faint on hill or field or river:
Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
And grow forever and forever.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
And answer, echoes, answer, dying, dying, dying.

THE FAIRIES.

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.

UP the airy mountain,
Down the rushy glen,
We daren't go a-hunting,
For fear of little men:
Wee folk, good folk,
Trooping all together;
Green jacket, red cap,
And white owl's feather!

Down along the rocky shore
Some make their home;
They live on crispy pancakes
Of yellow tide-foam:

Some in the reeds
Of the black mountain-lake,
With frogs for their watch-dogs,
All night awake.

High on the hilltop
The old king sits;
He is now so old and gray,
He's nigh lost his wits.
With a bridge of white mist
Columbkill he crosses,
On his stately journeys
From Slieveleague to Rosses;
Or going up with music,
On cold starry nights,
To sup with the queen
Of the gay Northern Lights.

By the craggy hillside,
Through the mosses bare,
They have planted thorn-trees,
For pleasure, here and there.
Is any man so daring
To dig one up in spite?
He shall find the thornies set
In his bed at night.

Up the airy mountain,
Down the rushy glen,
We daren't go a-hunting,
For fear of little men:

Wee folk, good folk,
  Trooping all together;
Green jacket, red cap,
  And white owl's feather!

ANOTHER'S SORROW.

WILLIAM BLAKE.

CAN I see another's woe,
  And not be in sorrow too?
Can I see another's grief
And not seek for kind relief?

Can I see a falling tear
And not feel my sorrow's share?
Can a father see his child
Weep, nor be with sorrow filled?

Can a mother sit, and hear
An infant groan, an infant fear?
No, no! Never can it be!
Never, never can it be!

And can He who smiles on all
Hear the wren with sorrows small,
Hear the small birds' grief and care
Hear the woes that infants bear—

And not sit beside the nest
Pouring pity in their breast,
And not sit the cradle near
Weeping tear on infant's tear?

And not sit both night and day
Wiping all our tears away?
Oh, no! never can it be!
Never—never can it be!

He doth give His joy to all;
He becomes an infant small;
He becomes a man of woe,
He doth feel the sorrow too.

Think not thou canst sigh a sigh
And thy Maker is not by;
Think not thou canst weep a tear
And thy Maker is not near.

THE BOOTBLACK.

OH, he was a Bowery bootblack bold,
And his years they numbered nine.
Rough and unpolished was he, although
He constantly aimed to shine.

As proud as a king on his box sat he,
Munching an apple red,
While the boys of his gang looked wistfully on—
"Give us a bite," they said.

Then the bootblack smiled a lordly smile;
"No free bites here," he cried,
Then the boys they sadly walked away,
Save one who stood at his side.

"Bill, gimme the core," he whispered low,
The bootblack smiled once more,
And huger bites puffed out his cheeks—
"There aint goin' to be no core!"

WHAT NOT TO LOSE.

DON'T lose courage; spirits brave
Carry with you to the grave.

Don't lose time in vain distress;
Work, not worry, brings success.

Don't lose hope; who lets her stray
Goes forlornly all the way.

Don't lose patience, come what will
Patience ofttimes outruns skill.

Don't lose gladness; every hour
Blooms for you some happy flower.

Though be foiled your dearest plan,
Don't lose faith in God and man.

SKIN SIDE INSIDE.

HE killed the noble Mudjokinis,
With the skin he made him mittens,
Made them with the fur side inside;
Made them with the skin side outside;
He, to get the warm side inside,
Put the inside skin side outside,
He, to get the cold side outside,
Put the warm side, fur side, inside;
That's why he put the fur side inside,
Why he put the skin side outside,
Why he turned them inside outside.

THE BROOK.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

BY thirty hills I hurry down,
Or slip between the ridges,
By twenty thorps, a little town,
And half a hundred bridges.

Till last by Philip's farm I flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.

I chatter over stony ways,
  In little sharps and trebles,
I babble into eddying bays,
  I babble on the pebbles.

With many a curve my banks I fret
  By many a field and fallow,
And many a fairy foreland set
  With willow-weed and mallow.

I chatter, chatter, as I flow
  To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
  But I go on forever.

THE CHILD'S WISH IN JUNE.

MRS. GILMAN.

MOTHER, mother, the winds are at play,
  Prithee, let me be idle to-day.
Look, dear mother, the flowers all lie
Languidly under the bright blue sky.
See, how slowly the streamlet glides;
Look, how the violet roguishly hides;
Even the butterfly rests on the rose,
And scarcely sips the sweets as he goes.
Poor Tray is asleep in the noonday sun,
And the flies go about him one by one;

And pussy sits near with a sleepy grace,
Without ever thinking of washing her face.
There flies a bird to a neighboring tree,
But very lazily flieth he,
And he sits and twitters a gentle note,
That scarcely ruffles his little throat.

You bid me be busy; but, mother, hear
How the hum-drum grasshopper soundeth near,
And the soft west wind is so light in its play,
It scarcely moves a leaf on the spray.

I wish, oh, I wish, I was yonder cloud,
That sails about with its misty shroud;
Books and work I no more should see,
And I'd come and float, dear mother, o'er thee.

ELDORADO.

EDGAR ALLAN POE.

GAYLY bedight,
A gallant knight,
In sunshine and in shadow,
Had journeyed long,
Singing a song,
In search of Eldorado.

But he grew old
This knight so bold,
  And on his heart a shadow
Fell, as he found
No spot of ground
  That looked like Eldorado.

And as his strength
Failed him at length,
  He met a pilgrim shadow—
"Shadow," said he,
"Where can it be,
  This land of Eldorado?"

"Over the Mountains
Of the Moon,
  Down the valley of the shadow,
Ride, boldly ride,"
The shade replied,
  "If you seek for Eldorado!"

THE BLUE AND THE GRAY.

FRANCIS MILES FINCH.

BY the flow of the inland river,
  Whence the fleets of iron have fled,
Where the blades of the grave-grass quiver,
  Asleep are the ranks of the dead;

Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Under the one, the Blue;
Under the other, the Gray.

So, when the summer calleth,
On forest or field of grain
With an equal murmur falleth
The cooling drip of the rain;
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Wet in the rain, the Blue;
Wet in the rain, the Gray.

No more shall the war-cry sever,
Or the winding rivers be red;
They banish our anger forever,
When they laurel the graves of our dead.
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Love and tears for the Blue;
Tears and love for the Gray.

A MINIATURE.

YES, he was a seaman true,
With his coat of British blue,
And his buttons bright as gold;
And he worshipped at the shrine
Of a great-great-aunt of mine,
As became a sailor bold.

And he pleaded not in vain,
For she gave him love again;
  And thought that through her life
Her strength and stay should be
This hero of the sea
  Who wooed her for his wife.

But he—his grave is deep;
The Baltic billows sweep
  And surge above his breast;
And she—when gray and old,
In quiet English mould
  They laid her to her rest.

Oh, yes, a simple tale
For you who love of frail
  And faulty vows to sing;
And it happened long ago.
But hearts were hearts, you know,
  When George the Third was king.

FATHER WILLIAM.

LEWIS CARROLL.

"YOU are old, Father William," the young man said,
  "And your hair has become very white;
And yet you incessantly stand on your head—
  Do you think, at your age, it is right?"

"In my youth," Father William replied to his son,
"I feared it might injure the brain;
But now that I am perfectly sure I have none,
Why, I do it again and again."

"You are old," said the youth, "as I mentioned before,
And have grown most uncommonly fat;
Yet you turned a back-somersault in at the door—
Pray, what is the reason for that?"

"In my youth," said the sage, as he shook his gray locks,
"I kept all my limbs very supple,
By the use of this ointment—one shilling the box—
Allow me to sell you a couple."

"You are old," said the youth, "and your jaws are too weak
For anything tougher than suet,
Yet you finished the goose, with the bones and the beak—
Pray, how did you manage to do it?"

"In my youth," said his father, "I took to the law,
And argued each case with my wife;
And the muscular strength which it gave to my jaw
Has lasted the rest of my life."

"You are old," said the youth; "one would
hardly suppose
That your eye was as steady as ever;
Yet you balanced an eel on the end of your
nose—
What makes you so awfully clever?"

"I have answered three questions, and that is
enough,"
Said his father; "don't give yourself airs!
Do you think I can listen all day to such stuff?
Be off, or I'll kick you downstairs!"

THE MINUET.

MARY MAPES DODGE.

(Copyrighted by Century Co., 1877.)

GRANDMA told me all about it,
Told me, so I couldn't doubt it,
How she danced—my grandma danced!—
Long ago.
How she held her pretty head,
How her dainty skirt she spread,
Turning out her little toes;
How she slowly leaned and rose—
Long ago.

Grandma's hair was bright and sunny;
Dimpled cheeks, too—ah, how funny!—
Really quite a pretty girl,
Long ago.
Bless her! why, she wears a cap,
Grandma does, and takes a nap
Every single day; and yet
Grandma danced the minuet
Long ago.

Now she sits there, rocking, rocking,
Always knitting grandpa's stocking;—
Every girl was taught to knit,
Long ago—
Yet her figure is so neat,
And her way so staid and sweet,
I can almost see her now
Bending to her partner's bow,
Long ago.

Modern ways are quite alarming,
Grandma says; but boys were charming—
Girls and boys, I mean, of course—
Long ago.
Bravely modest, grandly shy.
What if all of us should try
Just to feel like those who met
In the graceful minuet
Long ago?

Grandma says our modern jumping,
Hopping, rushing, whirling, bumping,
Would have shocked the gentle folk
Long ago;
No; they moved with stately grace,
Everything in proper place,
Gliding slowly forward, then
Slowly courtesying back again,
Long ago.

With the minuet in fashion,
Who could fly into a passion?
All would wear the calm they wore
Long ago.
In time to come, if I, perchance,
Should tell my grandchild of *our* dance,
I should really like to say,
"We did it, dear, in stately way,
Long ago."

THE FLAG GOES BY.

HENRY HOLCOMB BENNETT.

(By permission of the *Youth's Companion*.)

HATS off!
Along the street there comes
A blare of bugles, a ruffle of drums,
A flash of color beneath the sky;
Hats off!
The flag is passing by.

Blue and crimson and white it shines
Over the steel-tipped, ordered lines.
Hats off!
The colors before us fly,
But more than the flag is passing by.

Sea fights and land fights, grim and great,
Fought to make and to save the State;
Weary marches and sinking ships;
Cheers of victory on dying lips;

Days of plenty and years of peace;
March of a strong land's swift increase;
Equal justice, right, and law,
Stately honor and reverend awe;

Sign of a nation, great and strong,
To ward her people from foreign wrong:
Pride and glory and honor, all
Live in the colors to stand or fall.

Hats off!
Along the street there comes
A blare of bugles, a ruffle of drums;
And loyal hearts are beating high.
Hats off!
The flag is passing by!

THE QUALITY OF MERCY.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

Portia:

THE quality of mercy is not strained.
It droppeth, as the gentle rain from heaven,
Upon the place beneath; it is twice blessed,—
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes,
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest: it becomes
The thronèd monarch better than his crown;
His scepter shews the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;
But mercy is above this sceptered sway;
It is enthronèd in the hearts of kings,
It is an attribute to God himself;
And earthly power doth then show likest God's
When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew,
Though justice be thy plea, consider this,—
That in the course of justice none of us
Should see salvation: we do pray for mercy;
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy.

A CHILD'S PRAYER.

AUSTIN DOBSON.

NOW the light has gone away,
Saviour, listen while I pray,
Asking Thee to watch and keep
And to send me quiet sleep.

Jesus, Saviour, wash away
All that has been wrong to-day,
Help me every day to be
Good and gentle,—more like Thee.

Let my near and dear ones be
Ever near and dear to Thee:
And take me and all I love
To Thy happy home above.

Thou, my best and kindest Friend,
Thou wilt love me to the end;
Let me love Thee more and more,
Each day better than before.

BIRDS AT SCHOOL.

ELI SHEPHERD.

SOON de weather gits kinder cool,
Den Mister Black Bird starts to school;
He fly so high in de g'ogorphi,
He larn how all de countries lie.

Jay Bird study in de summer season,
He got sense an' he got reason;
He larns his cunnin' ways right well,
He kin read an' he kin spell.

Ole Mister Crow's de country preacher—
Sunday preach and Monday teacher.

Foot ob de class sets Mister Kildee,
Singin' out A! B! C! D! A! B!
Mister Owl done miss his spellin';
He's kept in, I hear folks tellin';
Kept in all day, long of books, sah,
Comes out nights wid blinkin' looks, sah.

Robin's head de class in readin',
All do well, but he's a leadin';
Bes' in 'rithmetic's de joree,
Hear him count one, two, three, fo', three.

Ev'ry bird's in de singin' class, oh!
Dee larnin' swif' an' dee larnin' fas', oh!
Chack-a-lack-a-chack-a-lack-lack-lee!
Cha-cha-chee-chee-cha-cha-chee!

THE HUGUENOT'S BATTLE HYMN.

T. B. MACAULAY.

NOW glory to the Lord of Hosts, from whom
all glories are!
And glory to our sovereign liege, King Henry of
Navarre!
Now let there be the merry sound of music and
of dance,
Through thy cornfields green, and sunny vines,
O, pleasant land of France!
And thou, Rochelle, our own Rochelle, proud
city of the waters,
Again let rapture light the eyes of all thy mourn-
ing daughters.
As thou wert constant in our ills, be joyous in
our joy,
For cold, and stiff, and still, are they who
wrought thy walls annoy.
Hurrah! hurrah! a single field hath turned the
chance of war,
Hurrah! hurrah! for Ivry and Henry of Navarre.

O! how our hearts were beating, when, at the dawn of day,
We saw the army of the League drawn out in long array;
With all its priest-led citizens, and all its rebel peers,
And Appenzel's stout infantry, and Egmont's Flemish spears.
There rode the brood of false Lorraine, the curses of our land;
And dark Mayenne was in the midst, a truncheon in his hand:
And as we looked on them, we thought of Seine's empurpled flood,
And good Coligni's hoary hair, all dabbled with his blood;
And we cried unto the living God, who rules the fate of war,
To fight for his own holy name, and Henry of Navarre!

The King is come to marshal us, in all his armor dressed,
And he has bound a snow-white plume upon his gallant crest.
He looked upon his people, and a tear was in his eye;
He looked upon the traitors, and his glance was stern and high.

Right graciously he smiled on us, as rolled from wing to wing,
Down all our line, a deafening shout, "God save our Lord the King!"
"And if my standard-bearer fall, as fall full well he may,
For never saw I promise yet of such a bloody fray—
Press where ye see my white plume shine amid the ranks of war,
And be your oriflamme to-day the helmet of Navarre!"

Hurrah! the foes are moving—hark to the mingled din
Of fife and steed, and trump and drum, and roaring culverin.
The fiery Duke is pricking fast across Saint André's plain,
With all the hireling chivalry of Guelders and Almayne.
Now by the lips of those we love, fair gentlemen of France,
Charge for the golden lilies—upon them with the lance!
A thousand spurs are striking deep, a thousand spears in rest,
A thousand knights are pressing close behind the snow-white crest:

And in they burst, and on they rushed, while like
a guiding star,
Amid the thickest carnage blazed the helmet of
Navarre!

Now, God be praised, the day is ours! Mayenne
hath turned his rein!
D'Aumale hath cried for quarter! The Flemish
Count is slain!
Their ranks are breaking like thin clouds before
a Biscay gale!
The field is heaped with bleeding steeds, and
flags, and cloven mail.
And then we thought on vengeance: and, all
along our van—
"Remember Saint Bartholomew!" was passed
from man to man:
But out spake gentle Henry—"No Frenchman
is my foe—
Down, down, with every foreigner, but let your
brethren go."
Oh! was there ever such a knight, in friendship
or in war,
As our Sovereign Lord King Henry, the soldier
of Navarre!

Ho! maidens of Vienna!—ho! matrons of
Lucerne!
Weep, weep, and rend your hair for those who
never shall return.

Ho! Philip, send, for charity, thy Mexican pistoles,
That Antwerp monks may sing a mass for thy poor spearmen's souls.
Ho! gallant nobles of the League, look that your arms be bright!
Ho! burghers of Saint Genevieve, keep watch and ward to-night,
For our God hath crushed the tyrant, our God hath raised the slave,
And mocked the counsel of the wise, and the valor of the brave.
Then glory to his holy name, from whom all glories are:
And glory to our Sovereign Lord, King Henry of Navarre!

A GOOD PLAY.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

(Permission of Charles Scribner's Sons.)

WE built a ship upon the stairs
All made of back-bedroom chairs,
And filled it full of sofa pillows
To go a-sailing on the billows.

We took a saw and several nails,
And water in the nursery pails;
And Tom said: "Let us also take
An apple and a slice of cake";—
Which was enough for Tom and me
To go a-sailing on, till tea.

We sailed along for days and days,
And had the very best of plays;
But Tom fell out and hurt his knee,
So there was no one left but me.

FATHER'S STORY.

LITTLE one, come to my knee!
Hark how the rain is pouring
Over the roof, in the pitch-black night,
And the wind in the woods is a-roaring!

Hush, my darling, and listen;
Then pay for the story with kisses:
Father was lost in the pitch-black night,
In just such a storm as this is!

High up on the lonely mountains,
Where the wild men watched and waited;
Wolves in the forest, and bears in the bush,
And I on my path belated.

The rain and the night together
Came down, and the wind came after,
Bending the props of the pine-tree roof,
And snapping many a rafter.

I crept along in the darkness,
Stunned and bruised and blinded,—
Crept to a fir with thick-set boughs,
And to a sheltering rock behind it.

There, from the blowing and raining
Crouching, I sought to hide me:
Something rustled, two green eyes shone,
And a wolf lay down beside me.

Little one, be not frightened:
I and the wolf together,
Side by side, through the long, long night,
Hid from the awful weather.

His wet fur pressed against me;
Each of us warmed the other;
Each of us felt, in the stormy dark
That beast and man was brother.

And when the falling forest
No longer crashed in warning,
Each of us went from our hiding-place,
Forth in the wild, wet morning.

Now, darling, kiss me in payment,
  And hark how the wind is roaring:
Surely home is a better place
  When stormy rain is pouring!

THE PASS AT THE SPRING.

ROBERT BROWNING.

THE year's at the spring,
  And day's at the morn;
Morning's at seven;
  The hillside's dew-pearled;
The lark's on the wing,
  The snail's on the thorn;
God's in his heaven—
  All's right with the world.

THE LOST LOVE.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

SHE dwelt among the untrodden ways
  Beside the springs of Dove,
A maid whom there were none to praise,
And very few to love:

A violet by a mossy stone
Half hidden from the eye!
Fair as a star, when only one
Is shining in the sky.

She lived unknown, and few could know
When Lucy ceased to be;
But she is in her grave, and, oh!
The difference to me.

BRUTUS' ORATION.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

Brutus:

ROMANS, countrymen, and lovers! hear me for my cause; and be silent, that you may hear: believe me for mine honor; and have respect to mine honor, that you may believe: censure me in your wisdom; and awake your senses, that you may the better judge. If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend of Cæsar's, to him I say, that Brutus' love to Cæsar was no less than his. If, then, that friend demand why Brutus rose against Cæsar, this is my answer,—Not that I loved Caesar less, but that I loved Rome more. Had you rather Cæsar were living, and die all slaves; than that Cæsar were dead, to live all free men? As Cæsar loved me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honor him; but, as he was ambitious, I slew him:

There is tears, for his love; joy, for his fortune; honor, for his valor; and death, for his ambition. Who is here so base, that would be a bondman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so rude, that would not be a Roman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so vile, that will not love his country? If any, speak; for him have I offended. I pause for a reply.

Citizens.—None, Brutus, none.

Then none have I offended. I have done no more to Cæsar, than you shall do to Brutus. The question of his death is enrolled in the Capitol; his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy; nor his offenses enforced, for which he suffered death.

Here comes his body, mourned by Mark Antony: who, though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the commonwealth; as which of you shall not? With this, I depart,—that, as I slew my best lover for the good of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself, when it shall please my country to need my death.

THE FROG, THE CRAB, AND THE LIMPSY EEL.

MARY MAPES DODGE.

(Copyrighted by Century Co. 1876.)

A FROG, a crab, and a limpsy eel
Agreed to run a race.
The frog leaped so far he lost his way,
And tumbled on his face.
The crab went well, but quite forgot
To go ahead as he went,
And so crawled backward every step—
On winning the race intent.
And the limpsy eel, he curled and curled,
And waved to left and right,
Till the crab came backing the other way,
And the frog jumped past them quite.
But when last I looked, the limpsy eel
Was curling himself apace,
The frog had tangled his two hind legs,
And the crab had won the race!

THE FLAG.

JOSEPH RODMAN DRAKE.

WHEN freedom from her mountain height
Unfurled her standard to the air,
She tore the azure robe of night
And set the stars of glory there.

She mingled with its gorgeous dyes
  The milky baldric of the skies,
And striped its pure, celestial white
  With streakings of the morning light.

Flag of the free hearts' hope and home!
  By angel hands to valor given!
Thy stars have lit the welkin dome,
  And all thy hues were born in heaven.

Forever float that standard sheet,
  Where breathes the foe, but falls before us;
With freedom's soil beneath our feet,
  And freedom's banner streaming o'er us.

THE WALRUS AND THE CARPENTER.

LEWIS CARROLL.

THE sun was shining on the sea,
  Shining with all his might:
He did his very best to make
  The billows smooth and bright—
And this was odd, because it was
  The middle of the night.

The moon was shining sulkily,
  Because she thought the sun
Had got no business to be there
  After the day was done—
"It's very rude of him," she said,
  "To come and spoil the fun!"

The sea was wet as wet could be,
The sands were dry as dry.
You could not see a cloud, because
No cloud was in the sky:
No birds were flying overhead—
There were no birds to fly.

The walrus and the carpenter
Were walking close at hand;
They wept like anything to see
Such quantities of sand;
"If this were only cleared away,"
They said, "it would be grand!"

"If seven maids, with seven mops
Swept it for half a year,
Do you suppose," the walrus said,
"That they could get it clear?"
"I doubt it," said the carpenter,
And shed a bitter tear.

"Oysters, come and walk with us,"
The walrus did beseech—
"A pleasant walk, a pleasant talk,
Along the briny beach.
We cannot do with more than four,
To give a hand to each."

The eldest oyster looked at him,
But never a word he said:

The eldest oyster winked his eye,
And shook his heavy head—
Meaning to say he did not choose
To leave the oyster bed.

But four young oysters hurried up,
All eager for the treat:
Their coats were brushed, their faces washed,
Their shoes were clean and neat—
And this was odd, because, you know,
They hadn't any feet.

Four other oysters followed them,
And yet another four.
And thick and fast they came at last,
And more, and more, and more—
All hopping through the frothy waves
And scrambling to the shore.

The walrus and the carpenter
Walked on a mile or so,
And then they rested on a rock
Conveniently low:
And all the little oysters stood
And waited in a row.

"The time has come," the walrus said,
"To talk of many things:

Of shoes—and ships, and sealing wax—
Of cabbages, and kings—
And why the sea is boiling hot—
And whether pigs have wings."

"But wait a bit," the oysters cried,
"Before we have our chat;
For some of us are out of breath,
And all of us are fat!"
"No hurry," said the carpenter.
They thanked him much for that.

"A loaf of bread," the walrus said,
"Is what we chiefly need:
Pepper and vinegar besides
Are very good indeed—
Now if you're ready, oysters dear,
We can begin to feed."

"But not on us!" the oysters cried,
Turning a little blue.
"After such kindness that would be
A dismal thing to do!"
"The night is fine," the walrus said.
"Do you admire the view?"

"It was so kind of you to come!
And you are very nice!"
The carpenter said nothing but—
"Cut us another slice!"
I wish you were not quite so deaf
I've had to ask you twice."

"It seems a shame," the walrus said,
"To play them such a trick,
After we've brought them out so far,
And made them trot so quick!"
The carpenter said nothing but—
"The butter's spread too thick!"

"I weep for you," the walrus said,
"I deeply sympathize!"
With sobs and tears, he sorted out
Those of the largest size,
Holding his pocket-handkerchief
Before his streaming eyes.

"O oysters," said the carpenter,
"You've had a pleasant run.
Shall we be trotting home again?"
But answer came there none—
And this was scarcely odd, because
They'd eaten every one."

KINGS AND QUEENS OF ENGLAND.

First William the Norman,
Then William, his son;
Henry, Stephen, and Henry,
And Richard and John.
Then Henry the Third,
Edwards one, two, and three,

And again, after Richard,
Three Henrys we see.
Two Edwards, third Richard,
If rightly I guess;
Two Henrys, sixth Edward,
Queen Mary, Queen Bess.
Then Jamie, the Scotchman,
Then Charles, whom they slew;
But received after Cromwell
Another Charles too.
James, Second, the Stuart, ascended the throne;
And William and Mary together came on.
Queen Anne, Georges four,
And fourth William, all past,
God sent us Victoria, may she long be the last.

THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE.

CHARLES WOLFE.

NOT a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
As his corse to the rampart we hurried;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

We buried him darkly at dead of night,
The sods with our bayonets turning;
By the struggling moonbeam's misty light,
And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin inclosed his breast,
Not in sheet or in shroud we wound him;
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow;
But we steadfastly gazed on the face that was dead,
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought, as we hollowed his narrow bed,
And smoothed down his lonely pillow,
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head,
And we far away on the billow!

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him,—
But little he'll reck, if they let him sleep on
In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

But half of our heavy task was done,
When the clock struck the hour for retiring;
And we heard the distant and random gun
That the foe was sullenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame fresh and gory;
We carved not a line, and we raised not a stone,—
But we left him alone with his glory!

THE GOOSE.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

I KNEW an old wife, lean and poor,
Her rags scarce held together;
There strode a stranger to the door,
And it was windy weather.

He held a goose upon his arm,
He utter'd rhyme and reason;
"Here, take the goose, and keep you warm,
It is a stormy season."

She caught the white goose by the leg,
A goose—'twas no great matter;
The goose let fall a golden egg,
With cackle and with clatter.

She dropt the goose and caught the pelf,
And ran to tell her neighbors;
And bless'd herself, and cursed herself,
And rested from her labors.

And feeding high, and living soft,
Grew plump and able-bodied;
Until the grave churchwarden doff'd,
The parson smirk'd and nodded.

So sitting, served by man and maid,
She felt her heart grow prouder;
But ah! the more the white goose laid
It clack'd and cackled louder.

It clutter'd here, it chuckled there;
It stirr'd the old wife's mettle;
She shifted in her elbow-chair,
And hurl'd the pan and kettle.

"A quinsy choke thy cursed note!"
Then wax'd her anger stronger.
"Go take the goose, and wring her throat,
I will not bear it longer."

Then yelp'd the cur, and yawl'd the cat;
Ran Gaffer, stumbled Gammer.
The goose flew this way, and flew that,
And fill'd the house with clamor.

As head and heels upon the floor
They flounder'd all together,
There strode a stranger to the door,
And it was windy weather:

He took the goose upon his arm,
He utter'd words of scorning;
"So keep you cold, or keep you warm,
It is a stormy morning."

The wild wind ran from park and plain,
And round the attics rumbled,
Till all the tables danced again,
And half the chimneys tumbled.

The glass blew in, the fire blew out,
The blast was hard and harder.
Her cap blew off, her gown blew up,
And a whirlwind clear'd the larder.

And while on all sides breaking loose
Her household fled the danger,
Quoth she, "The Devil take the goose,
And God forget the stranger."

DEATH OF MARMION.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

BUT fortune on the right
With fickle smile cheered Scotland's fight;
Then fell that spotless banner white,
The Howard's lion fell.
Yet still Lord Marmion's falcon flew
With wavering flight, while fiercer grew
Around the battle yell.
The Border slogan rent the sky,
"A Home!" "A Gordon!" was the cry;
Loud were the clanging blows:

Advanced—forced back—now low, now high,
The pennon sank and rose.
. . . With that straight up the hill there rode
Two horsemen, drenched in gore.
And in their hands, a helpless load,
A wounded knight they bore.—
The falcon crest and plumage gone,
Can that be haughty Marmion?—
When doffed his casque, he felt free air,
Around 'gan Marmion wildly stare;
"Where's Harry Blount? Fitz Eustace,—where?
Linger ye here, ye hearts of hare?
Redeem my pennon! Charge again!
Cry 'Marmion to the rescue!'
Must I bid twice? Hence, varlets, fly!
Leave Marmion here alone—to die."—
The war that for a space did fail
Now trebly thundering swelled the gale,
And "Stanley!" was the cry.
A light on Marmion's visage spread,
And fired his glazing eye:
With dying hand, above his head,
He shook the fragment of his blade,
And shouted "Victory!
Charge, Chester, charge! On, Stanley, on!"
Were the last words of Marmion.

FAIRY'S SONG.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

OVER hill, over dale,
Thorough bush, thorough brier,
Over park, over pale,
Thorough flood, thorough fire,
I do wander everywhere,
Swifter than the moones sphere;
And I serve the fairy queen,
To dew her orbs upon the green:
The cowslips tall her pensioners be:
In their gold coats spots you see;
Those be rubies, fairy favors,
In those freckles live their savors:
I must go seek some dewdrops here,
And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear.
Farewell, thou lob of spirits; I'll be gone:
Our queen and all her elves come here anon.

ALL'S QUIET ALONG THE POTOMAC.

ETHEL LYNN BEERS.

"ALL'S quiet along the Potomac," they say;
"Except, now and then, a stray picket
Is shot, as he walks on his beat to and fro,
By a rifleman hid in the thicket.

'Tis nothing—a private now and then
Will not count in the news of the battle;
Not an officer lost—only one of the men
Moaning out, all alone, the death-rattle."

All's quiet along the Potomac to-night,
Where the soldiers lie peacefully dreaming;
Their tents, in the rays of the clear autumn moon
Or the light of the watch-fire, are gleaming.
A tremulous sigh of the gentle night-wind
Through the forest-leaves softly is creeping,
While stars up above, with their glittering eyes,
Keep guard, for the army is sleeping.

There's only the sound of the lone sentry's tread
As he tramps from the rock to the fountain,
And thinks of the two in the low trundle-bed
Far away in the cot on the mountain.
His musket falls slack; his face, dark and grim,
Grows gentle with memories tender
As he mutters a prayer for the children asleep—
For their mother; may Heaven defend her!

The moon seems to shine just as brightly as then,
That night when the love yet unspoken
Leaped up to his lips—when low-murmured vows
Were pledged to be ever unbroken.
Then drawing his sleeve roughly over his eyes,
He dashes off tears that are welling,
And gathers his gun closer up to its place,
As if to keep down the heart-swelling.

He passes the fountain, the blasted pine tree,
The footstep is lagging and weary;
Yet onward he goes through the broad belt of light,
Toward the shade of the forest so dreary.
Hark! was it the night-wind that rustled the leaves?
Was it moonlight so wondrously flashing?
It looked like a rifle—"Ha! Mary, good-by!"
The red life-blood is ebbing and plashing.

All's quiet along the Potomac to-night,
No sound, save the rush of the river;
While soft falls the dew on the face of the dead—
The picket's off duty for ever!

FORTUNE'S WHEEL.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

"TURN, Fortune, turn thy wheel and lower the proud;
Turn thy wild wheel thro' sunshine, storm, and cloud;
Thy wheel and thee we neither love nor hate.

"Turn, Fortune, turn thy wheel with smile or frown;
With that wild wheel we go not up or down;
Our hoard is little, but our hearts are great.

"Smile and we smile, the lords of many lands;
Frown and we smile, the lords of our own hands;
For man is man and master of his fate.

"Turn, turn thy wheel above the staring crowd;
Thy wheel and thou are shadows in the cloud;
Thy wheel and thee we neither love nor hate."

ANTONY'S ORATION.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears;
I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.
The evil that men do, lives after them;
The good is oft interred with their bones;
So let it be with Cæsar! The noble Brutus
Hath told you Cæsar was ambitious.
If it were so, it was a grievous fault;
And grievously hath Cæsar answered it.
Here, under leave of Brutus, and the rest.
For Brutus is an honorable man;
So are they all—all honorable men;
Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.
He was my friend, faithful and just to me;
But Brutus says he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honorable man.

He hath brought many captives home to Rome,
Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill.
Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious?
When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept.
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff;
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honorable man.
You all did see, that on the Lupercal,
I thrice presented him a kingly crown,
Which he did thrice refuse. Was this ambition?
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;
And, sure, he is an honorable man.
I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,
But here I am to speak what I do know.
You all did love him once, not without cause;
What cause withholds you, then, to mourn for him?
O judgment, thou art fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason!—Bear with me;
My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,
And I must pause till it come back to me.
But yesterday the word of Cæsar might
Have stood against the world; now lies he there,
And none so poor to do him reverence.
O masters! if I were disposed to stir
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,
Who, you all know, are honorable men.
I will not do them wrong: I rather choose

To wrong the dead, to wrong myself, and you,
Than I will wrong such honorable men.
But here's a parchment, with the seal of Cæsar;
I found it in his closet; 'tis his will.
Let but the commons hear his testament,
(Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read,)
And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds,
And dip their napkins in his sacred blood;
Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
And, dying, mention it within their wills,
Bequeathing it, as a rich legacy,
Unto their issue.
Have patience, gentle friends, I must not read it:
It is not meet you know how Cæsar loved you.
You are not wood, you are not stones, but men,
And, being men, hearing the will of Cæsar,
It will inflame you, it will make you mad.
'Tis good you know not that you are his heirs,
For if you should, O, what would come of it!
Will you be patient? Will you stay awhile?
I have o'ershot myself, to tell you of it.
I fear I wrong the honorable men
Whose daggers have stabbed Cæsar: I do fear it.
You will compel me, then, to read the will?
Then make a ring about the corpse of Cæsar,
And let me show you him that made the will.
Shall I descend? and will you give me leave?
Nay, press not so upon me; stand far off.

If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.
You all do know this mantle; I remember
The first time ever Cæsar put it on;
'Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent;
That day he overcame the Nervii.—
Look! in this place, ran Cassius' dagger through:
See, what a rent the envious Casca made:
Through this, the well-beloved Brutus stabbed;
And, as he pluck'd his cursed steel away,
Mark how the blood of Cæsar followed it.
As rushing out of doors, to be resolved
If Brutus so unkindly knocked, or no;
For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel.
Judge, O you gods, how dearly Cæsar loved him!
This was the most unkindest cut of all:
For when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,
Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,
Quite vanquish'd him. Then burst his mighty heart;
And, in his mantle, muffling up his face,
Even at the base of Pompey's statua,
Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell.
O, what a fall was there, my countrymen!
Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,
Whilst bloody treason flourished over us.
O, now you weep; and, I perceive, you feel,
The dint of pity: these are gracious drops.
Kind souls, what, weep you, when you but behold
Our Cæsar's vesture wounded? Look you here,

Here is himself, marr'd, as you see, with traitors.
Stay, countrymen.
Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up
To such a sudden flood of mutiny.
They that have done this deed, are honorable;
What private griefs they have, alas, I know not,
That made them do't; they are wise and honorable,
And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.
I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts;
I am no orator, as Brutus is;
But, as you know me all, a plain, blunt man,
That love my friend; and that they know full well
That gave me public leave to speak of him.
For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,
To stir men's blood: I only speak right on;
I tell you that which you yourselves do know;
Shew you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor, poor dumb mouths,
And bid them speak for me. But were I Brutus,
And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue
In every wound of Cæsar, that should move
The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

THE LAST LEAF.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

I SAW him once before,
As he passed by the door,
And again
The pavement stones resound
As he totters o'er the ground
With his cane.

They say that in his prime,
Ere the pruning-knife of Time
Cut him down,
Not a better man was found
By the Crier on his round
Through the town.

But now he walks the streets,
And he looks at all he meets
Sad and wan,
And he shakes his feeble head,
That it seems as if he said,
"They are gone."

The mossy marbles rest
On the lips that he has prest
In their bloom,
And the names he loved to hear
Have been carved for many a year
On the tomb.

My grandmamma has said,—
Poor old lady, she is dead
Long ago,—
That he had a Roman nose
And his cheek was like a rose
In the snow.

But now his nose is thin,
And it rests upon his chin
Like a staff,
And a crook is in his back,
And a melancholy crack
In his laugh.

I know it is a sin
For me to sit and grin
At him here,
But the old three-cornered hat
And the breeches, and all that,
Are so queer!

And if I should live to be
The last leaf upon the tree
In the spring,
Let them smile, as I do now,
At the old forsaken bough
Where I cling.

THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

HALF a league, half a league,
Half a league onward,
All in the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.
"Forward, the Light Brigade!
Charge for the guns!" he said:
Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

"Forward, the Light Brigade!"
Was there a man dismay'd?
Not tho' the soldier knew
Someone had blunder'd:
Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to do and die.
Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon in front of them
Volley'd and thunder'd.
Storm'd at with shot and shell,
Boldly they rode and well,

Into the jaws of death,
Into the mouth of hell,
Rode the six hundred.

Flash'd all their sabres bare,
Flash'd as they turn'd in air,
Sab'ring the gunners there,
Charging an army, while
All the world wonder'd:
Plunged in the battery-smoke,
Right thro' the line they broke;
Cossack and Russian
Reel'd from the sabre stroke,
Shatter'd and sunder'd.
Then they rode back, but not,
Not the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon behind them,
Volley'd and thunder'd;
Storm'd at with shot and shell,
While horse and hero fell,
They that had fought so well
Came thro' the jaws of death,
Back from the mouth of hell,
All that was left of them,
Left of six hundred.

When can their glory fade?
O the wild charge they made!
All the world wonder'd.
Honor the charge they made!
Honor the Light Brigade,
Noble six hundred!

THE WAY TO SUCCEED.

DRIVE the nail aright, boys,
Hit it on the head;
Strike with all your might, boys,
While the iron's red.

When you've work to do, boys,
Do it with a will;
They who reach the top, boys,
First must climb the hill.

Standing at the foot, boys,
Gazing at the sky,
How can you get up, boys,
If you never try?

Though you stumble oft, boys,
Never be downcast;
Try, and try again, boys—
You'll succeed at last.

THE LAMPLIGHTER.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

(Permission of Charles Scribner's Sons.)

MY tea is nearly ready and the sun has left the sky;
It's time to take the window to see Leerie going by;
For every night at teatime and before you take your seat,
With lantern and with ladder he comes posting up the street.

Now Tom would be a driver and Maria go to sea,
And my papa's a banker and as rich as can be;
But I, when I am strong and can choose what I'm to do,
O Leerie, I'll go round at night and light the lamps with you.

For we are very lucky, with a lamp before the door,
And Leerie stops to light it as he lights so many more;
And O! before you hurry by with ladder and with light,
O Leerie, see a little child and nod to him to-night!

STRIKES.

STRIKES are quite proper, only strike right,
Strike to some purpose, but not to a fight;
Strike for your manhood, for honor and fame,
Strike right and left till you win a good name,
Strike for your freedom from all that is vile:
Strike off companions who often beguile.
Strike with the hammer, the sledge, and the ax,
Strike off bad habits, with burdensome tax.
Strike out unaided, depend on no other:
Strike without gloves, and your cowardice smother.
Strike off the fetters of fashion and pride;
Strike for the best, and let wisdom decide;
Strike a good blow when the iron is hot,
And keep on striking till you hit the right spot!

DIRGE FOR A SOLDIER.

GEORGE H. BOKER.

CLOSE his eyes, his work is done!
What to him is friend or foeman,
Rise of moon, or set of sun,
Hand of man, or kiss of woman?
Lay him low, lay him low,
In the clover or the snow!
What cares he? he cannot know:
Lay him low.

As man may, he fought his fight,
  Proved his truth by his endeavor;
Let him sleep in solemn night,
  Sleep forever and forever.
    Lay him low, lay him low,
    In the clover or the snow!
    What cares he? he cannot know:
      Lay him low.

Fold him in his country's stars,
  Roll the drum and fire the volley.
What to him are all our wars,
  What but death bemocking folly?
    Lay him low, lay him low,
    In the clover or the snow!
    What cares he? he cannot know:
      Lay him low.

Leave him to God's watching eye,
  Trust him to the hand that made him.
Mortal love weeps idly by:
  God alone has power to aid him.
    Lay him low, lay him low,
    In the clover or the snow!
    What cares he? he cannot know:
      Lay him low.

HOW THEY BROUGHT THE GOOD NEWS FROM GHENT TO AIX.

ROBERT BROWNING.

I SPRANG to the stirrup, and Joris and he;
I galloped, Dirck galloped, we galloped all three:
"Good speed!" cried the watch, as the gate-bolts undrew;
"Speed!" echoed the wall to us galloping through:
Behind shut the postern, the lights sank to rest,
And into the midnight we galloped abreast.

Not a word to each other: we kept the great pace,
Neck by neck, stride by stride, never changing our place:
I turned in my saddle, and made its girths tight,
Then shortened each stirrup, and set the pique right,
Rebuckled the check-strap, chained slacker the bit,
Nor galloped less steadily Roland a whit.

'Twas moonset at starting; but while we drew near
Lokeren, the cocks crew, and twilight dawned clear:

At Boom, a great yellow star came out to see:
At Düffeld, 'twas morning as plain as could be;
And from Mecheln church-steeple we heard the half-chime,
So Joris broke silence with, "Yet there is time!"

At Aerschot, up leaped of a sudden the sun,
And against him the cattle stood black, every one,
To stare, through the mist, at us galloping past;
And I saw my stout galloper, Roland, at last
With resolute shoulders, each butting away
The haze, as some bluff river-headland its spray;

And his low head and crest,—just one sharp ear bent back
For my voice, and the other pricked out on his track;
And one eye's black intelligence,—ever that glance
O'er its white edge at me, his own master, askance;
And the thick, heavy spume-flakes, which, aye and anon,
His fierce lips shook upwards in galloping on.

By Hasselt, Dirck groaned; and cried Joris, "Stay spur!
Your Roos galloped bravely, the fault's not in her;

We'll remember at Aix,"—for one heard the quick wheeze
Of her chest, saw the stretched neck, and staggering knees,
And sunk tail, and horrible heave of the flank,
As down on her haunches she shuddered and sank.

So we were left galloping, Joris and I,
Past Loos, and past Tongres,—no cloud in the sky;
The broad sun above laughed a pitiless laugh,
'Neath our foot broke the brittle bright stubble like chaff;
Till, over by Dalhem, a dome-tower sprang white,
And, "Gallop," cried Joris, "for Aix is in sight!"

"How they'll greet us!"—and all in a moment his roan
Rolled neck and croup over, lay dead as a stone;
And there was my Roland to bear the whole weight
Of the news which alone could save Aix from her fate,
With his nostrils like pits full of blood to the brim,
And with circles of red round his eye-sockets' rim.

Then I cast my loose bluff-coat, each holster let fall,
Shook off both my jack-boots, let go belt and all,
Stood up in my stirrup, leaned, patted his ear,
Called my Roland his pet name, my horse without peer,
Clapped my hands, laughed and sang,—any noise, bad or good,—
Till at length into Aix Roland galloped and stood.

And all I remember is friends flocking round,
As I sat with his head t'wixt my knees on the ground;
And no voice but was praising this Roland of mine,
As I poured down his throat our last measure of wine,
Which (the burgesses voted by common consent)
Was no more than his due who brought good news from Ghent.

JOHNNY AND MEG.

MARY MAPES DODGE.

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"STRAWBERRIES! Ripe strawberries!"
Cried lusty Johnny Strong;
And he sold his baskets readily
To folks who came along.

But soon a tiny voice piped forth,
"Me, too!" Meg could not shout
As John did. Yet she too must sell
The fruit she bore about.

"Ho, STRAW-BERR-E-E-S!" roared lusty John,
"Me, too!" piped Meg, so sad.
Now Johnny made good sales that day,
But Meg sold all she had.

THE DEATH OF THE OLD YEAR.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

FULL knee-deep lies the winter snow,
And the winter winds are wearily sighing:
Toll ye the church-bell sad and slow,
And tread softly and speak low,
For the old year lies a-dying.
Old year, you must not die;
You came to us so readily,
You lived with us so steadily,
Old year, you shall not die.

He lieth still: he doth not move:
He will not see the dawn of day.
He hath no other life above.
He gave me a friend, and a true, true love,
And the New-Year will take 'em away.

Old year, you must not go;
So long as you have been with us,
Such joy as you have seen with us,
Old year, you shall not go.

He froth'd his bumpers to the brim;
A jollier year we shall not see.
But tho' his eyes are waxing dim,
And tho' his foes speak ill of him,
He was a friend to me.
Old year, you shall not die;
We did so laugh and cry with you,
I've half a mind to die with you,
Old year, if you must die.

He was full of joke and jest,
But all his merry quips are o'er.
To see him die across the waste
His son and heir doth ride post-haste,
But he'll be dead before.
Everyone for his own.
The night is starry and cold, my friend;
And the New-Year, blithe and bold, my friend,
Comes up to take his own.

How hard he breathes! over the snow
I heard just now the crowing cock.
The shadows flicker to and fro:
The cricket chirps: the light burns low:
'Tis nearly twelve o'clock.

Shake hands before you die.
Old year, we'll dearly rue for you:
What is it we can do for you?
Speak out before you die.

His face is growing sharp and thin.
Alack! our friend is gone.
Close up his eyes: tie up his chin:
Step from the corpse and let him in
That standeth there alone,
And waiteth at the door.
There's a new foot on the floor, my friend.
And a new face at the door, my friend,
A new face at the door.

THE SANDS O' DEE.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

"O MARY, go and call the cattle home,
And call the cattle home,
And call the cattle home,
Across the sands o' Dee."
The Western wind was wild
And dank with foam,
And all alone went she.

The Western tide crept up along the sand,
And o'er and o'er the sand,
And round and round the sand,
As far as eye could see,

The rolling mist came down
And hid the land—
  And never home came she.

"O is it weed, or fish, or floating hair—
A tress o' golden hair,
A drowned maiden's hair,
  Above the nets at sea?
Was never salmon yet that shone so fair
  Among the stakes o' Dee."

They rowed her in across the rolling foam,
The cruel, crawling foam,
The cruel, hungry foam,
  To her grave beside the sea.
But still the boatmen hear her call the cattle
      home
  Across the sands o' Dee.

INCIDENT OF THE FRENCH CAMP.

ROBERT BROWNING.

YOU know we French stormed Ratisbon:
  A mile or so away
On a little mound, Napoleon
  Stood on our storming day;
With neck outthrust, you fancy how,
  Legs wide, arms locked behind,
As if to balance the prone brow,
  Oppressive with its mind.

Just as perhaps he mused: "My plans
That soar, to earth may fall,
Let once my army-leader Lannes
Waver at yonder call."
Out 'twixt the battery smokes there flew
A rider, bound on bound
Full-galloping; nor bridle drew
Until he reached the mound.

Then off there flung in smiling joy,
And held himself erect
By just his horse's mane, a boy:
You hardly could suspect—
So tight he kept his lips compressed,
Scarce any blood came through.
You looked twice, ere you saw his breast
Was all but shot in two.

"Well," cried he, "Emperor, by God's grace,
We've got you Ratisbon!
The Marshal's in the market-place,
And you'll be there anon
To see your flag-bird flap his vans
Where I, to heart's desire,
Perched him!" The chief's eye flashed; his plans
Soared up again like fire.

The chief's eye flashed; but presently
Softened itself, as sheathes
A film the mother eagle's eye
When her bruised eaglet breathes.
"You're wounded!"—"Nay," the soldier's pride
Touched to the quick, he said,
"I'm killed, Sire!" and his chief beside,
Smiling, the boy fell dead.

WHEN ALL THE WORLD.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

WHEN all the world is young, lad,
And all the trees are green;
And every goose a swan, lad,
And every lass a queen;
They hey for boot and horse, lad,
And round the world away;
Your blood must have its course, lad,
And every dog his day.

When all the world is old, lad,
And all the trees are brown;
And all the sport is stale, lad,
And all the wheels run down;
Creep home and take your place there,
The spent and maimed among:
God grant you find one face there
You loved when all was young.

THE TIGER.

WILLIAM BLAKE.

TIGER, tiger, burning bright
In the forests of the night,
What immortal hand or eye,
Framed thy fearful symmetry?

In what distant deeps or skies
Burned that fire within thine eyes?
On what wings dared he aspire?
What the hand dared seize the fire?

And what shoulder and what art
Could twist the sinews of thy heart?
When thy heart began to beat
What dread hand formed thy dread feet?

When the stars threw down their spears
And watered heaven with their tears,
Did he smile his work to see?
Did He who made the lamb make thee?

MARCO BOZZARIS.

F. G. HALLECK.

AT midnight, in his guarded tent,
The Turk was dreaming of the hour
When Greece, her knee in suppliance bent,
Should tremble at his power;

In dreams, through camp and court he bore
The trophies of a conqueror;
  In dreams, his song of triumph heard;
Then wore his monarch's signet ring,—
Then passed that monarch's throne,—a king;
As wild his thoughts, and gay of wing,
  As Eden's garden bird.

An hour passed on,—the Turk awoke;
  That bright dream was his last;
He woke—to hear his sentry's shriek,
"To arms! they come! the Greek! the Greek!"
He woke—to die midst flame and smoke,
And shout, and groan, and sabre stroke,
  And death-shots falling thick and fast
As lightning from the mountain cloud;
And heard, with voice as trumpet loud,
  Bozzaris cheer his band:
"Strike—till the last armed foe expires,
Strike—for your altars and your fires,
Strike—for the green graves of your sires,
  God—and your native land!"

They fought, like brave men, long and well,
  They piled that ground with Moslem slain,
They conquered—but Bozzaris fell,
  Bleeding at every vein.
His few surviving comrades saw
His smile, when rang their proud hurrah,

And the red field was won;
Then saw in death his eyelids close
Calmly, as to a night's repose,
Like flowers at set of sun.

Come to the bridal chamber, Death!
Come to the mother, when she feels,
For the first time, her first-born's breath;—
Come when the blessed seals
Which close the pestilence are broke,
And crowded cities wail its stroke,—
Come in Consumption's ghastly form,
The earthquake shock, the ocean storm,
Come when the heart beats high and warm,
With banquet song, and dance, and wine,
And thou art terrible: the tear,
The groan, the knell, the pall, the bier,
And all we know, or dream, or fear,
Of agony, are thine.

But to the hero, when his sword
Has won the battle for the free,
Death's voice sounds like a prophet's word,
And in its hollow tones are heard
The thanks of millions yet to be.
Bozzaris! with the storied brave
Greece nurtured in her glory's time,
Rest thee,—there is no prouder grave,
Even in her own proud clime.

We tell thy doom without a sigh;
For thou art Freedom's now, and Fame's—
One of the few, the immortal names,
That are not born to die.

THE SIN OF OMISSION.

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

IT isn't the thing you do, dear,
It's the thing you've left undone,
Which gives you a bit of heartache
At the setting of the sun.
The tender word forgotten,
The letter you did not write,
The flower you might have sent, dear,
Are your haunting ghosts to-night.

The stone you might have lifted
Out of a brother's way.
The bit of heartsome counsel
You were hurried too much to say,
The loving touch of the hand, dear,
The gentle and winsome tone,
That you had no time or thought for,
With troubles enough of your own.

For life is all too short, dear,
And sorrow is all to great,
To suffer our slow compassion
That tarries until too late.

And it's not the thing you do, dear,
It's the thing you leave undone,
Which gives you the bit of heartache
At the setting of the sun.

THE OPEN DOOR.

WITHIN a town of Holland once
A widow dwelt, 'tis said,
So poor, alas! her children asked
One night in vain for bread.
But this poor woman loved the Lord,
And knew that he was good;
So, with her little ones around,
She prayed to him for food.

When the prayer was done, her eldest child,
A boy of eight years old,—
Said softly, "In the Holy Book,
Dear mother, we are told
How God, with food by ravens brought,
Supplied his prophet's need."
"Yes," answered she; "but that, my son,
Was long ago indeed."

"But, mother, God may do again
What he has done before;
And so, to let the birds fly in,
I will unclose the door."

Then little Dirk, in simple faith,
Threw ope the door full wide,
So that the radiance of their lamp
Fell on the path outside.

Ere long the burgomaster passed,
And noticing the light,
Paused to inquire why the door
Was open so at night.
"My little Dirk has done it, sir,"
The widow, smiling, said,
"That ravens might fly in to bring
My hungry children bread."

"Indeed," the burgomaster cried,
"Then here's a raven, lad;
Come to my home, and you shall see
Where bread may soon be had."
Along the street to his own house
He quickly led the boy,
And sent him back with food that filled
His humble home with joy.

The supper ended, little Dirk
Went to the open door,
Looked up, and said, "Many thanks, good Lord";
Then shut it fast once more.
For, though no bird had entered in,
He knew that God on high
Had hearkened to his mother's prayer,
And sent this full supply.

STREET CRIES.

EDWARD EGGLESTON.

THE Englishman's waked by the lark,
A-singing far up in the sky;
But a damsel with wheel-baritone,
Pitched fearfully high,
Wakes me with a screech
Of "Horse-rad-deech!"

The milkman, he comes in the morn,
And then the street cackle begins:
Junkman with cow bell ("Ding-ding"),
And the fishman with horn ("To-hoo"),
And venders of brushes and pins,
And menders of tubs and of tins—
"Wash tubs to mend!" "Tinware to mend!"
Oh, who will deliverance send?
Hark, that girl is beginning her screech,
"Horse—Tubs—Ripe peach——"

Then there's "Oranges!" "Glass to put in!"
And bagpipes and peddlers and shams;
The hand-organ man is mixing his din
With "Strawber——" "Nice soft clams!"
"Wash tubs to mend!" "Tinware to mend!"
O Heaven, deliverance send;
I'd swear if it wasn't a sin
"Buy any wo-o-d?" "Glass to put in!"

"Ice cream!" I'm sure that you do!
Madly the whole town is screaming;
"Pie Apples!" "Sheddes!" "Oysters!" "Blue
Berries!" with "Hot corn all steaming!"
"Umbrellas to mend!" My head to mend!
Now, I would like to send
Somewhere this rascally crew
That keeps up such a cry and hue
Of "Hot—Wash Tubs" and "Pop
Corn Balls!" Oh, corn bawlers, stop!

From morning till night the
Street's full of hawkers
Of "North River Shad!" and "Ba-nan-oes!"
Of men and women and little girl squaw-
kers—
"Old hats and boots, old clo'es!"
"Times! Tribune! World!"
"Here's yer morning Herald!"
What a confounded din
Of "Horse red——" "to put in"
"Ripe" "Oysters" "to mend,"
Till the watchman's late
Whistle comes in at the end.

KING HENRY'S SPEECH.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

ONCE more unto the breach, dear friends, once more;
Or close the wall up with our English dead!
In peace there's nothing so becomes a man
As modest stillness and humility:
But when the blast of war blows in our ears,
Then imitate the action of the tiger;
Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood,
Disguise fair nature with hard-favor'd rage:
Then lend the eye a terrible aspéct;
Let it pry through the portage of the head,
Like the brass cannon; let the brow o'erwhelm it
As fearfully as doth a gallèd rock
O'erhang and jutty his confounded base,
Swill'd with the wild and wasteful ocean.
Now set the teeth, and stretch the nostril wide;
Hold hard the breath, and bend up every spirit
To his full height! On, on, you noble English,
Whose blood is fet from fathers of war-proof!
Fathers that, like so many Alexanders,
Have, in these parts, from morn till even fought,
And sheathed their swords for lack of argument;
Dishonor not your mothers; now attest
That those whom you called fathers did beget you!

Be copy now to men of grosser blood,
And teach them how to war!—and you, good yeomen,
Whose limbs were made in England, shew us here
The mettle of your pasture; let us swear
That you are worth your breeding: which I doubt not;
For there is none of you so mean and base,
That hath not noble lustre in your eyes.
I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips,
Straining upon the start. The game's afoot;
Follow your spirit; and, upon this charge,
Cry "God for Harry, England, and St. George!"

WHAT I LIVE FOR.

G. L. BANKS.

I LIVE for those who love me,
Whose hearts are kind and true;
For the heaven that smiles above me,
And awaits my spirit too;
For all human ties that bind me;
For the task my God assigned me;
For the bright hopes left behind me,
And the good that I can do.

I live to learn their story
Who've suffered for my sake;
To emulate their glory,
And follow in their wake;

Bards, patriots, martyrs, sages,
The noble of all ages,
Whose deeds crowned History's pages,
And Time's great volume make.

I live to hold communion
With all that is divine;
To feel there is a union
'Twixt Nature's heart and mine;
To profit by affliction,
Reap truths from fields of fiction,
Grow wiser from conviction,
And fulfill each grand design.

I live to hail that season,
By gifted minds foretold,
When men shall live by reason,
And not alone by gold;
When man to man united,
And every wrong thing righted,
The whole world shall be lighted
As Eden was of old.

I live for those who love me,
For those who know me true;
For the heaven that smiles above me,
And awaits my spirit too;
For the cause that lacks assistance;
For the wrong that needs resistance;
For the future in the distance,
And the good that I can do.

YE MARINERS OF ENGLAND.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

YE mariners of England!
That guard our native seas;
Whose flag has braved a thousand years
The battle and the breeze!
Your glorious standard launch again
To match another foe!
And sweep through the deep,
While the stormy winds do blow;
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow.

The spirits of your fathers
Shall start from every wave!
For the deck it was their field of fame,
And ocean was their grave:
Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell
Your manly hearts shall glow,
As ye sweep through the deep,
While the stormy winds do blow;
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow.

Britannia needs no bulwark,
No towers along the steep;
Her march is o'er the mountain waves,
Her home is on the deep.

With thunders from her native oak,
She quells the floods below,—
As they roar on the shore,
When the stormy winds do blow;
When the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow.

The meteor flag of England
Shall yet terrific burn;
Till danger's troubled night depart,
And the star of peace return.
Then, then, ye ocean warriors!
Our song and feast shall flow
To the fame of your name,
When the storm has ceased to blow;
When the fiery fight is heard no more,
And the storm has ceased to blow.

THE SCHOOL-BOY'S LAMENT.

TEACH, teach, teach,
On every day of the week,
And thrash, thrash, thrash,
From your head down to your feet.
Reading and spelling and writing,
Grammar and gee-ography,
Till a poor boy's brains
Are full of pains
And he's as tired as he can be.

Write, write, write,
  The moment you're out of line,
And write, write, write,
  Until it is half-past nine;
Scratch and scribble and scrawl,
  And blot and blur and smear,
    Till the teacher comes
    And warms your thumbs
  And makes you feel ever so queer.

Work, work, work,
  Your 'xamples until eleven,
And work, work, work,
  Your 'xamples at home till seven—
Pounds and ounces and drachms
  Drachms and ounces and pounds,
    Till you get so mad
    You are always glad
  When the bell for recess sounds.

It is oh! for a beautiful place
  Where never a schoolhouse is,
And it's oh! for a happy land
  Where never a teacher lives;
Where tops, marbles, and kites grow wild,
  And a fellow can holler and shout,
    And there's never a book,
    But a cozy nook
  For to fish and to swim about.

And it's oh, for the happy time
When I get to be a man,
And I can whistle and jump,
And beat on an old tin pan;
When I can put crooked pins
Down on the next boy's seat,
And I can put ink on his face
With never a fear to be beat;
Jump and whistle and prance,
And holler and yell and shout,
And never a one
To spoil the fun,
Nor to keep me from going out.

THANATOPSIS.

W. C. BRYANT.

SO live that when thy summons come to join
The innumerable caravan that moves
To the pale realms of shade, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night
Scourged to his dungeon; but, sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

IN THE MORNIN'.

KEEP on hopin' that the sun will rise,
Keep on watchin' for the bright blue skies,
Keep on laughin', though the whole world cries,
An' you'll get thar—in the mornin'.

Keep on plantin' when you've lost your crops,
Keep on singin' when the fiddle stops,
Keep on faithful till the curtain drops,
An' you'll get thar—in the mornin'.

A FAREWELL.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

MY fairest child, I have no song to give you;
No lark could pipe to skies so dull and gray;
Yet, ere we part, one lesson I can leave you,
For every day.

Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever.
Do noble things, not dream them, all day long·
And so make life, death, and that vast forever.
One grand, sweet song.

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